Outis ID:: Wuthering Heights Chief Butler
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Outis ID:: Wuthering Heights Chief Butler

by Bordementions

Summary

… This 'Mistress' that the child was talking about had been dead for a long, long time. But she acted as though her voice still echoed in her ears.

Her attitude was too… bizarre to be mere devotion to the dead, too earnest to be an attempt to retain the memory of the departed. It was as though she was holding regular conversations with the long-dead Mistress.

Notes

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This time I tried to change up the writing style a lil bit. Not as plot/buildup as the wing beat one, also the reader speaks so yeah

I don't really know if it's better but I still tried

Also I know the reader is referred to as young master but it's wlw, I just used it because having two characters referred to as mistress would make this hella confusing

I'll make the porn chapter eventually not rn

Disc server for polls https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: The first chapter (duh)

The cool air of the manor settled against your skin, a familiar chill that seeped through the thin silk of your morning wear, raising goosebumps on your arms. It's early, the first slivers of dawn only just beginning to paint the eastern sky a pale grey. That's what most people would have expected to see, but there was a severe lack of color visible across that distant horizon. The grey and brown was absolute, a thick, oppressive blanket that seemed to smother the very idea of hue. You pad silently down the long hallway, the polished wood smooth and cool beneath your bare feet, each step a near-silent whisper against the aged floorboards. A faint draft snaked through the hallway, carrying the scent of damp stone from the unseen depths of the manor. The only sound is the soft rustle of your robe and the distant, almost imperceptible, clinking of silver from the kitchens below, where the staff is already beginning their day, their voices a low murmur that barely penetrated the thick walls.

Every wall shares the very same faded grandeur as the world outside. Once vibrant tapestries, depicting scenes of hunts and feasts, hang limply, their colors muted, almost sepia-toned, as if bleached by centuries of colorless existence. The threads themselves felt brittle to the touch, as if they would crumble to dust at the slightest pressure. You recall a terse conversation with the chief butler, about the rising cost of color. "Austerity measures, young master," she'd intoned, her face a mask of professional concern, her eyes, however, held a glint of something unreadable. “Necessary for the efficient management of the estate.” The phrase “efficient management” now echoes in your mind, tinged with a faint bitterness. It seems economy has bled even into the very air of the manor, draining it of its vibrancy, leaving behind a hollow shell of its former self. You wondered if the very stones themselves remembered the vibrant colors of their past.

Dust motes dance in the faint light filtering through the tall, arched windows, illuminated like tiny ghosts in the grey light. You pass portraits of stern-faced ancestors, their eyes, though painted in shades of grey, seeming to follow you with silent judgment, their expressions frozen in perpetual stasis. You imagined they were judging not your actions, but the state of the manor itself, its descent into monochrome. Your mother’s portrait hangs near the end of the hall, a younger version of her smiling serenely, a splash of vibrant crimson in her dress – an anomaly in the muted landscape. The crimson seemed to glow with an inner light, a defiant spark in the surrounding gloom.

Perhaps it was all in your imagination however, as there was none to be found. You pause for a moment, a pang of grief tightening your chest, a familiar ache that had become a constant companion. It's her manor, still, in so many ways. You're merely… occupying it, a temporary custodian of a fading memory.

You continue your walk, your hand trailing along the smooth, cool surface of the mahogany banister, the wood worn smooth by generations of hands. The air grows warmer as you approach the library wing, a subtle shift that you could feel on your skin. The scent of old paper and leather hangs heavy in the air, a comforting aroma that has been a constant throughout your life, a tangible link to the past. It was a scent that spoke of countless hours spent lost in books, lost in thought. You round the corner and the heavy oak door to your study comes into view. The brass handle gleams faintly in the dim light, but is still that pervasive grey nonetheless. As you push the door open, a wave of familiar scents washes over you: pipe tobacco and old books, you had tried it yesterday to see if you had a taste for it like your father. That however was not the case.

But this early morning summons wasn't born of your own volition. No, it was an expectation, a ritual dictated by the Chief butler. Like clockwork, Outis would appear each morning with your tea, her arrival as predictable as the sunrise—on that dot, not a second later than the designated time. Dressed in the typical dress code for the butlers of the Edgar family, a uniform that seemed unchanged for generations: A brown suit over a white collar undershirt. A light brown, lace bowtie adorning her neck. The fabric of her suit, usually a rich, earthy brown, appeared almost grey in the dim light, as if the color itself was fading. Even Outis herself seems to exist within this muted palette, her usually sharp features softened, her presence less defined, as if she were slowly fading into the background.

She's been… different lately, you had noticed. A subtle shift in her demeanor, a quiet assertion of control that hasn't gone unnoticed. It was as if she were slowly tightening the reins, taking control of the narrative of your life. It's as if she's subtly guiding your hand, nudging you down predetermined paths, paths you hadn't chosen, paths you didn't even recognize. Information, that was once freely shared, now trickles down in carefully measured doses, each piece carefully curated, each omission deliberate. You catch glimpses of hushed conversations between her and the other staff, snippets of exchanges that cease abruptly as you approach, leaving behind a lingering silence thick with unspoken words.

You see it in her eyes, a deep-seated conviction. It isn't malice that drives her, nor any calculated plot, but a twisted sense of duty, a warped interpretation of loyalty. It's something else entirely. She genuinely believes she's acting in your best interest, regardless of your own feelings on the matter. She moves through the manor as if your mother still reigns, anticipating her wishes, preemptively enacting what she believes would have been her commands, a ghost of the past dictating the present. It's strange, even unsettling at times.

"Here you are, young master," Outis says, her voice smooth and practiced, each word carefully enunciated, each syllable measured. "Your tea, steeped exactly as you like it. Best consumed before it loses its warmth." A faint, almost imperceptible emphasis on "best consumed" hangs in the air, a subtle suggestion of urgency, as if time itself were a precious commodity. "I do hope the disturbances of last evening did not disrupt your rest. The Backstreet Rats, I'm afraid, attempted another incursion, a rather unfortunate consequence of the, ah, necessary economies we've been forced to implement. The staff, however, managed the situation with minimal casualties. I have, on my own initiative, engaged a local firm of… specialists to address the more persistent elements of this problem, an arrangement that will, of course, necessitate further adjustments to the budget. Rest assured, young master," she adds, a hint of steel entering her tone, a subtle warning woven into her words, "I secured a far more advantageous arrangement than you yourself could have negotiated."

That particular cadence, that specific tone she reserved solely for you, was markedly different from her interactions with the other staff, a carefully modulated blend of concern and condescension. It held a soothing quality, yes, but it was a comfort born of misplaced authority, a balm applied to a wound you didn't realize you had, a subtle form of gaslighting that left you questioning your own perceptions. You glance down at the desk where she's placed the delicate china cup, its once-vibrant floral pattern now faded and indistinct, mirroring the state of the manor itself, the steam curling upwards like a ghostly wisp, dissipating into the grey air. You lift it gingerly, the warmth seeping into your cold hands.

"I… see," you manage, your voice barely above a whisper, the words feeling weak and inadequate against the weight of her presence. "The initiative is certainly appreciated, Chief Butler. It's just I would prefer to be informed of these… developments, before they are resolved."

Outis regards you with a slight frown, the smooth mask of her professional demeanor momentarily slipping, revealing a flicker of

impatience beneath. “I merely withheld the information,” she explains, her voice regaining its practiced composure, smooth as polished stone, yet equally unyielding, “to spare you unnecessary concern. These were matters I had already resolved. I saw no need to burden you with details that required no action on your part. I wouldn’t dream of wasting your valuable time on such trivialities, time that is clearly better spent on other pursuits.”

You catch the subtle shift in her posture, her shoulders straightening, her chin lifting slightly, the almost imperceptible tightening of her jaw, a barely contained tension beneath her controlled facade, but you decide to let it pass, knowing that any protest would be met with a wall of polite but firm resistance. Instead, you focus on the rising steam from your tea, gently blowing across the surface, watching as it danced and disappeared. “R-right,” you murmur, taking a small sip, the tea tasting faintly metallic, a phantom taste that you couldn't quite place. “That’s only fair, I suppose, though a knot of unease tightened in your stomach.” You set the cup down with a soft clink, the sound echoing in the unnaturally quiet room.

“You do have a very stressful, important position, after all," She continued, her voice returning to it's usual tone that set your teeth on edge. "It wouldn’t be right for you to be burdened with every minor, unimportant detail, every small inconvenience that I am more than capable of handling myself.” Outis remains standing, her posture rigid, almost military, her presence filling the room, pushing you further into the background. Her eyes move calmly around the room, flitting from the ornate wallpaper to the heavy drapes, as if conducting a silent inventory, assessing every detail, every imperfection. Yet, despite her restless gaze, her eyes keep being drawn back to you, as if held captive by an invisible thread, a predator circling its prey. It's a strange, unsettling display, a subtle battle between her ingrained composure and an underlying anxiety that she can no longer fully conceal, an anxiety that seemed to stem from you.

“Perhaps,” you begin, a tentative suggestion forming in your mind, a desperate attempt to reclaim some semblance of control, “perhaps I could be of assistance with the budgeting issues? I’ve noticed the lack of color recently, even if you… neglected to mention it, a fact that seems rather difficult to ignore. After all, as the owner of the manor, I should be responsible for-”

Before you can complete your thought, she shakes her head sharply, a decisive movement that cuts through your statement, like a physical blow. “Absolutely not,” she states, her voice firm, leaving no room for

argument, each word delivered with the force of a command. “Managing an estate and a company of this scale requires a very specific skillset, one which you simply… do not possess. I am responsible for the budget. It is the task the Mistress entrusted to me, and I assure you, I am managing it in the most efficient and advantageous way possible—for your benefit, of course.” The last two words are delivered with an almost chilling emphasis, a thinly veiled threat hanging in the air.

She appears resolute, utterly unyielding on the matter, a granite statue carved in the likeness of unwavering duty. Yet, despite the firmness of her words, a subtle frown creases her brow, as if the mentioning of your mother was a sore topic, a wound that still festered beneath the surface.

“Right then…” you murmur, a sense of resignation settling over you like a shroud, the weight of her control pressing down on you. “I’ll… find something to occupy myself with, I suppose, some other task I can assist the butlers with.”

Outis pauses, her gaze lingering on you for a moment, her eyes like dark pools, reflecting a depth you couldn't fathom. You struggle to decipher the expression in her eyes – a complex mix of concern? Frustration? You don't know, you really can't understand any of it. It’s a fleeting moment, a whirlwind of emotions that shift and change in rapid succession before she finally looks away, as if she had decided to discard them, like unwanted garments. A new resolve seems to settle over her, a decision made, a mask of calculated purpose settling over her features. For the first time since this unsettling shift in her behavior began, a calculated glint enters her eyes, a spark of something cold and calculating that made your blood run cold. She’s shifting tactics, resorting to something else entirely, a new strategy in her silent war for control.

“You wish to be of use to the manor, yes?” she asks, her voice softening, taking on a more persuasive tone, a silken thread designed to ensnare you. But it's one you're willing to hang onto, after all this could be your only chance to get on her good side.

“O-of course,” you stammer, slightly taken aback by the sudden shift in her demeanor, the change so abrupt it felt almost disorienting. “Anything I can do to help you, to alleviate some of this… burden you carry.”

A flicker of genuine pleasure crosses her face, a rare and unsettling

sight, like a sudden flash of lightning in a darkened room. The corners of her mouth curve into the slightest, most subtle of smiles – a fragile expression that barely registers, yet speaks volumes, a predatory smile that promised something far more sinister than simple gratitude. She leans forward, placing her hands lightly on the edge of your desk, her touch feather-light, yet somehow invasive, slowly closing the distance between you, encroaching on your personal space like a creeping shadow. The air feels suddenly charged, as if static electricity crackled between you.

“Then,” she murmurs, her voice picking up as she leaned closer, a conspiratorial tone that sent a chill down your spine, “I have a request to make of you young master, a small task, a simple favor, that will, of course, be to everyone's benefit. If you'll allow me to speak freely, that is."

You nod to her unspeaking, interested in what she had to say.

Well,” she continues, her voice directly pointed at you, “I’m sure you’re aware that I’ve been quite occupied as of late, burdened with a multitude of responsibilities. With all the repairs, the budget readjustments, ensuring the smooth operation of the staff… it’s left me with very little time for myself, very little time for… other matters.”

Before you can offer any kind of response, she begins walking to the side, circling around the desk and positioning herself behind you, her movements fluid and silent. A firm hand descends onto your shoulder, the pressure surprisingly strong, a possessive grip that spoke of a great deal of training.

“Huh? What are you—” you begin, turning your head to look at her, a flicker of alarm rising in your chest.

“Let me finish, please,” she interrupts, her voice slightly annoyed again, yet laced with that manipulative politeness she always carried with you. Her grip on your shoulder tightens slightly, a subtle reminder of her physical presence, a warning not to interrupt again.

She’s much closer now, her presence looming behind you, casting a long, oppressive shadow over your already fragile composure. The hand on your shoulder exerts awful pressure, squeezing with enough force to be distinctly felt, a silent claim of ownership. You can feel the warmth of her body close behind your back, a heat that feels less comforting and more like a suffocating weight. Having established a clear dominance in the conversation, she continues, weaving her

carefully constructed web.

“As I said,” she repeats, her voice neutral but with an edge of urgency, as if time were running out, as if some unseen deadline were fast approaching, “I’ve been incredibly busy. I haven’t had a moment to myself, not a single moment to rest or even think of my own needs. Yet on top of all of this, are you aware of what the most important task that the Mistress had entrusted to me was? A task that supersedes all others, a sacred duty I swore to uphold?"

"To take care of me...?" you offer weakly, you honestly couldn't imagine what your mother could have told her.

“Yes. To raise you. To mold you, to shape you into the image she envisioned. To make you a vessel worthy of your mother’s legacy—a legacy you currently disgrace, a legacy you are actively squandering with your incompetence. You’ve been resistant, a constant source of frustration and delay. A constant source of… inconvenience. But I am nothing if not persistent. I made a promise to the Mistress, a sacred vow, a promise I intend to keep, regardless of the cost. and I intend to see it through. I will not allow your… shortcomings to tarnish her memory, to diminish the brilliance of her light. I will shape you, refine you, until you finally assume your rightful place, the place she destined for you, the place you so stubbornly refuse to occupy.” Her grip tightened, her fingers digging into your shoulder, a sharp, painful reminder of her training for this position. “As for my favor, please stand. Won't you?”

You hesitate momentarily, unsure of how to respond to this sudden onslaught of insults and critque.

“That wasn’t a request, young master. It was an order. I said, stand up, and face me, face the consequences of your failures, like a respectable heir would, like your mother would have expected you to.” Her fingers dug into the soft flesh of your shoulder, nails grazing your skin as she yanked you to your feet with brutal force, the sudden movement sending a jolt of pain through your body. Your head snapping back as she twisted you around to face her. Her eyes raked over you, cold and assessing, like a butcher inspecting a cut of meat, searching for flaws, dissecting your every imperfection.

“I-is something wrong…?” you stammered, the words catching in your throat, choked by fear.

“Everything is wrong, you are the walking embodiment of a

disappointment.” Her voice was clipped, dismissive, each word a sharp, precise cut. “Your shoulders are slumped, your stance is pathetic, you hold yourself like a beggar, not an heir. You’re dressed like a pauper, you look like you haven’t slept in days, the dark circles under your eyes are a testament to your negligence, and the strain is etched on your very face, a clear indication of your weakness. And that’s just a cursory glance, a preliminary assessment.”

Her fingers tightened on your chin, tilting your head up as if inspecting a piece of merchandise, a cold, impersonal assessment that made you feel utterly dehumanized. Then, without warning, a sharp sting erupted on your backside, a shocking intrusion that sent a jolt of humiliation through you, far more painful than the physical blow itself. You yelped, instinctively straightening, your face burning with shame, the heat spreading from your cheeks to the tips of your ears. You forced yourself to ignore the lingering pressure of her hand, resting there for a moment too long, the phantom sensation burning against your skin long after she removed it.

“Good. I expect every single aspect of you to be proper while you are my responsibility, every action, every word, every breath. I won’t tolerate any sloppiness, any deviation from the standards I have set for you.” Outis straightened, her gaze sweeping over you with a cold, clinical detachment, like a surgeon examining a patient. Her hand settled on your waist, her fingers splayed against your side, as if she were measuring you for a suit, or perhaps, preparing you for dissection. You felt like an object on display, your flaws laid bare for her inspection, a specimen pinned beneath her relentless gaze. Her eyes lingered on every detail, from the way your shoulders slumped to the slight tremor in your hands, cataloging each imperfection with meticulous precision. It was as if she were making mental notes of everything that needed to be “corrected,” every flaw that needed to be eradicated. A flicker of disgust crossed her face, a fleeting expression that spoke volumes of her contempt. "What of your clothes?" she asked, her tone sharp and dismissive, as if the very sight of them offended her sensibilities.

“Well, it’s still early… my clothes are—” you started to explain, looking away as to not crumble under her withering gaze, but she interrupted you with a wave of her hand, a dismissive gesture that silenced you as effectively as a gag.

“Irrelevant, your excuses are of no consequence. You are a representative of this estate, and your appearance reflects upon us all, it reflects upon my management, upon the memory of your mother.

This… casual attire is simply unacceptable, a blatant display of disrespect. It suggests a lack of discipline, a lack of respect, a lack of the very qualities I am trying to instill in you. She then seized the collar of your shirt, her fingers tightening around the fabric like a noose, cutting off your air and your ability to speak. She yanked it upwards, before beginning to button it with a swiftly, her movements precise and purposeful, like a machine. The buttons went all the way up to your throat, making it difficult to swallow, each button a small, painful pressure. You felt trapped, helpless, as she continued to fasten the buttons, each one a further constriction.

“You haven’t even bothered to brush your hair this morning, have you?” Her lip curled in disgust, her eyes narrowing into slits of disapproval, as she took in the tangled mess, as if it were a personal affront. Before you could respond, she spun you around, the sudden movement slightly disorienting, her fingers digging into your scalp as she seized a handful of your hair, her grip tight and unforgiving. She ran her fingers through the knots, her expression one of barely concealed revulsion, as if she were handling something unclean.

“Honestly,” she muttered, “it’s like dealing with a child, a petulant, unruly child who requires constant correction.” The effort of maintaining your posture was becoming excruciating, your muscles trembling with strain, even your back was aching with the effort, but the memory of the stinging blow fresh on your backside kept you rigid, the threat of further punishment holding you captive. The moment you faltered though, the slightest slump of your shoulders, the smallest shift in your weight, another sharp spank landed, making you jump, the pain echoing through the silent room. “Stance. Up, and do not dare to move until I tell you otherwise.”

She circled back to face you directly, her hand still firm on your chin, holding your head in place, like a specimen pinned for display. Her other hand rose, a silent threat hanging in the air, and youstared at it, confused, a sense of dread creeping into your stomach, until she suddenly hooked her thumb into your cheek, prying your mouth open, the sudden invasion making you flinch. “Mmph?” you tried to mumble out, your words muffled, the sound distorted and pathetic. She shoved another finger inside, widening the opening, stretching your lips painfully, her expression one of undisguised disgust as she peered into your mouth, as if inspecting a festering wound.

“And you haven’t even brushed your teeth yet either,” she stated, her voice dripped with contempt, each word a venomous barb. “What an embarrassment you are, a disgrace to your lineage, a stain on your

mother's memory. You can't even manage the most basic hygiene, the simplest acts of self-care. You rely on others for every single menial task, you are utterly dependent, a burden to everyone around you. I'm surprised you can even breathe without assistance, you are nothing but a hollow shell, devoid of any real substance." You gagged as she probed deeper, her fingers digging into your gums, exploring every crevice with a disturbing thoroughness, turning your head to inspect the back of your mouth, her touch rough and impersonal, devoid of any compassion, her fingers scraping against your teeth, revulsion twisting through you.

"And if I had to guess," she continued, her tone sharp, like a whip cracking through the air, "you haven't even glanced at your morning reports, you haven't even considered the responsibilities that weigh upon your shoulders. Do you even comprehend the sheer volume of work required to keep this estate running, the constant vigilance, the tireless effort? No, of course not. You think it all magically happens while you sleep, you live in a fantasy world, oblivious to the realities of your position." She pinched your tongue between her thumb and forefinger, pulling it out of your mouth and examining it with a critical eye, as if assessing the quality of livestock, before letting go, the sudden release leaving him feeling strangely exposed and vulnerable.

"I-I understand," you stammer, still trying to process the sudden shift in the situation, the violation of your personal space still fresh and raw. "If you just need some time off, I'd be more than happy to arrange—" She felt a desperate urge to escape, to put some distance between herself and Outis, but her legs felt weak and unsteady.

"No," she interrupts, her tone hardening, the softness vanishing completely, replaced by a cold, sharp edge. "that's not what I need. You're missing the point entirely because you are, frankly, quite naive, young master," she corrects, the emphasis on the last word a subtle jab. " What I need is for you to listen to me, and for you to listen well."

"Are you listening?" she asks, her voice dropping an octave lower, not an ounce of joy to be found. It was as if Outis was trying to crawl inside yourhead, to plant her thoughts and desires there. Youcould feel the weight of Outis's gaze, even though you couldn't see her face.

"A-ah, what are you—" you begin, your voice catching in your throat, a small, choked sound of confusion and rising panic.

"Be quiet," she cuts you off, her voice firm, bordering on harsh, a

sharp rebuke that silenced you instantly. “I said, are you listening to me?” It’s a clear command, not a polite request, a stark demonstration of her absolute control. Her hand remains firmly on your shoulder, her presence a tangible weight behind you, a constant reminder of her proximity and power. This time, she uses both hands, gripping both your shoulders, her fingers kneading slightly, almost as if she’s giving you a massage, but the pressure is too firm, too insistent, to be truly comforting, the kneading motion feeling more like a subtle manipulation, a way of testing your resistance.

“Y-yes, I’m… listening…” you manage, your voice trembling slightly, betraying your fear and vulnerability.

“Are you?” she murmurs, the voice coming from the other side now. Her left hand then moves upwards, her fingers gently but firmly grasping your chin, forcing your head into an unnatural position. She tilts your head back, forcing you to lean upwards, as if trying to make you meet her gaze even though you can’t see herThe sensation is unsettling, disorienting, making you feel vulnerable and exposed, your balance precarious.“If so, then don’t say a word until I’ve finished,” she says, her voice regaining its earlier firmness, brooking no further interruption, a clear warning not to defy her again.

“I am tired of the stress,” she continues, her voice low and even, a carefully controlled monotone that betrayed the simmering resentment beneath. “the constant pressure of this work. The repairs, the budget cuts, the endless accounting… the constant struggle to maintain order in this decaying edifice. These are a burden that you, young master, have done nothing to alleviate. I am, frankly, exhausted, worn down to the bone by your incompetence. Have you ever truly experienced such exhaustion before? Have you ever known the weight of such responsibility?”

A pause hangs in the air, a pregnant silence filled with unspoken accusations, allowing her words to sink in, to fester and take root in your mind. Then, her tone shifts, becoming sharper, more accusatory, the mask of civility finally cracking to reveal the raw anger beneath. “I take care of everything,” she says, the words laced with a subtle bitterness, as if she were swallowing poison. “Because you couldn’t. Because you are weak, incapable, a mere shadow of what you should be. You are incapable of handling these matters on your own. Without me, this manor would crumble, and you would be left with nothing, a penniless orphan adrift in a world you don’t understand. You are fully aware of your own… shortcomings, are you not? You are fully aware of your dependence on me.”

She speaks with conviction, like a condescending parent scolding a misbehaving child, a parent whose love has long since curdled into resentment. Her hands remain on your shoulders, her body pressed close against your back, too close, far too close, the warmth of her breath ghosting across the back of your neck as she speaks, a sensation that felt suffocating.“I-I understand I will never be my mother...” you say, your voice barely a whisper, the words trembling with a mixture of grief and fear, trying to defend yourself, to assert some small measure of independence.

Suddenly the world is reduced to an oppressive field of white, a suffocating void that amplified every other sensation: the weight of Outis’s hands, the warmth of her breath, the rapid beating of your own heart. With a swift movement, she had taken the linen serviette she usually carries draped over her arm and wraped it firmly over your eyes from behind. The white fabric of the linen cloth presses against your eyes, effectively blinding you. Although thin, it’s just opaque enough to completely obscure your vision.

“Don’t talk about th Mistress,” she remarks sharply. “You will never be her, you are a pale imitation, a flawed copy, a constant reminder of what she was and what you are not. So don’t even try to pretend you’re worthy of her memory, don’t dare to sully her name with your pathetic attempts at imitation.”

The harshness of her tone hurts, a stinging slap across the face. She squeezes your shoulders again, as if she were trying to crush your bones, to erase you completely. She’s clearly taken immense offense to your mention of your mother, a raw, visceral reaction that spoke of a deep-seated obsession, a possessive jealousy that bordered on madness. “I was fond of her too, okay? I just—” you try to explain, your voice laced with desperation, a desperate plea for understanding, for some semblance of connection. But she cuts you off again, her voice rising in anger.

“I was more than fond,” she spits out, the words laced with venom, each syllable dripping with hatred. “I served her. She was my master, my everything. You are nothing but a pretender, an usurper who was simply given a manor she didn’t deserve, a manor that rightfully belongs to her memory, to me. You are an embarrassment, a disappointment, a constant reminder of her absence, of my loss. Your mother wouldn’t have wanted you to have any part of her legacy as you are now, she would be ashamed of you, disgusted by your weakness. You know that, don't you? You know that you are unworthy.”

“S-sorry,” you stammer, the word barely audible, a small, pathetic whimper of defeat.

“Sorry is not enough,” she retorts, almost spitting the word out as if it were a curse, a venomous rejection of your apology. Her hands on your shoulders loosen, but only for a moment, a brief respite before the next wave of torment. Then, she seizes your collar, her grip tightening as she yanks you upward, forcing you to your feet, the sudden movement jarring your already fragile equilibrium. The blindfold leaves you utterly disoriented, completely blind to your surroundings, amplifying your vulnerability, making you utterly dependent on her.

“O-Outis, I still can’t—” you begin, your voice choked with fear, a desperate plea for mercy. But she cuts you off once more, her patience completely exhausted.

“Chief Butler,” she corrects sharply, not even allowing you to finish your sentence, a cold, precise correction that underscored her authority. The moment you’re standing, she grabs your arm and begins to pull you forward, guiding you out of the study, her grip like iron, leaving no room for resistance. The only way you can avoid stumbling is to blindly follow her lead, allowing her to dictate your movements, a helpless puppet dancing to her tune. You have no idea where she’s taking you, and you dare not ask, knowing that any attempt at communication will only be met with a tighter grip or a harsh glare, or perhaps something far worse.

“C-Chief Butler Outis,” you correct yourself, your voice trembling, the words forced from your lips, a humiliating admission of your subservience.

“Better,” she growls, the word laced with barely suppressed rage, a low, guttural sound that inspired fear, as if she would much rather have struck you than simply corrected your address, as if she were barely restraining herself from unleashing her full fury. The sounds of the manor swirl around you: the distant clatter of dishes, hushed conversations between staff members, sounds that usually brought a sense of comfort now sounding ominous and threatening. You can hear them as she guides you right past them. Whispers, gasps, and murmurs reach your ears as the staff witness their young mistress being led around, blindfolded, by the Chief Butler, a spectacle that humiliated you to your core. Outis ignores them completely, continuing to pull you along, leading you down hallways, turning and turning again, deeper into the unknown, further into the labyrinth

that was the manor.

You continue to follow her blindly. The air in the hallway seemed to grow colder, the silence more profound, as if she led you right up to the gates of hell. She comes to a halt just a few seconds later. You hear the clicking of a door unlocking, the metallic sound echoing in the oppressive quiet, before it's opened with a gentle push, a deceptively gentle gesture that belied the harshness of her actions. The moment it opens, that hand on your arm pushes you forward, forcing you to stumble blindly into the room, and she enters after you, closing the door behind her, the sound of the latch clicking shut echoing like a death knell. "If you want to be useful to this manor young master, then hold still until you are told otherwise."

The only thing your barely able to accomplish is not to move around, every fiber of your being screaming to flee, but your fear roots you to the spot. You hear footsteps around you, soft and deliberate. She's circling you like a vulture, assessing you, weighing you, preparing you for some unknown purpose. The sounds of her footsteps being the only thing you have to go off of and figure out where she is, each step a small, terrifying sound in the suffocating silence. Suddenly, her voice cuts through the quiet, sharp and commanding. "Hold out your arms, to the side. "

You follow as she says, lifting up your arms parallel to yourself. As she approaches theres a winding noise, something being unfurled. Something makes contact with you, but it isn't one of her hands, she seems to be measuring your body with a measuring tape. The cool metal against your skin is a strange, unusual sensaation. She moves around you, her breath warm against the back of your neck, sending a shiver of revulsion through you. Her body almost touching yours as she moves around you, wrapping the tape measure around all kinds of different parts and sizes, marking them down through some unknown metric.

Her hand graspes your chin to angle your face, forcing your head into unnatural positions, her other hand on your collar to pull you up or down, adjusting your posture like a mannequin, trying to get the correct measurement. You can't even see her. You don't know if she's giving a stern look, or studying your face, searching for flaws, or taking in every small feature of your face while you, the sheer uncertainty making it all the worse. The tape rapidly begins to tighten firmly around your chest, digging deep, the pressure constricting, potentially even bruising should it remain long enough.

“Nngh?!” you gasp, a small, involuntary sound of pain and surprise. You feel the tape measuring snap even tighter against you, the sudden constriction taking your breath away. Her hand was wrapping the measure around your chest, trying to figure out its size when she gave it a particularly strong pull, a deliberate act of cruelty. You feel her hand tighten against the measure, keeping it as tight as possible against your clothes and chest, the pressure becoming almost unbearable. She then cups your chest directly, her hand pressing against your breasts with a shocking intimacy.

“G-guh…” you gasp, a small, involuntary sound of surprise escaping your lips.

She was trying to get a reading of your chest size, but when her hand felt your chest the tape measure gave her an inaccurate reading, a fact that seemed to irritate her, judging by the slight tightening of her grip. So she decided to skip that particular measurement in favor of a more direct approach to the sizing, a blatant disregard for your personal boundaries. Her hand presses against you, her palm and fingers pushing and testing whatever they could find, leaving you feeling vulnerable. After a few moments, her hand slides away, leaving a lingering warmth. The measuring tape too reliquishes its hold on you, the click echoing in the silence like a final judgment.

The footsteps echo as moment as she suddenly walks away, the sound receding as she gets further, a small reprieve to prepare yourself. Then you hear it, a cabinet— no, a closet door opening? The creak of the hinges a jarring sound, different from all the other well maintained things in the manor. Her arms go out to either side of you, but this time theres when she wraps them around you theres fabric. She's pressing a piece of clothing up against your front, seeing if it fits, the fabric tight against you like a second skin. Not too dissimilar to your morning wear. She’s holding it up against you like she's using your body as a mannequin. Her body close enough that you can feel it, yet she remains just out of your reach.

“Strip.” She says firmly.

Reluctantly you begin to remove what clothing you were wearing in the middle of the room, even though she had just fixed it not too long ago. Your hands trembling as you fumble with the buttons and ties. It's not like she hadn't seen you naked before, but you still feel utterly exposed, like a prisoner being stripped bare before an execution.

You shiver instinctively as the air suddenly hits all of your exposed

skin. You can't even see where you are or what's in the room, leaving yourself blind to your surroundings, a prisoner in your own body. You can almost feel her gaze on you, studying you, judging you, every single part of you as you undress, her unseen eyes stripping you bare even more effectively than your own hands. She remains quiet though, the silence amplifying your anxiety, making you feel as though every sound, every breath, is being scrutinized. You hear absolutely nothing, the silence itself a form of torture.

She wastes no time putting the dress on on you, not asking you whether or not it's even comfortable. She guides that dress onto you, wrapping it around you, the fabric whispering against your bare skin, melding with it. You feel the smooth, silky material press up against your skin, being pulled over and over your body as she continues to adjust it, trying to figure out where it needs to be fitted, and where it fits best. Her movements precise and methodical, as if she were dressing a doll. Her hands continue to linger, pulling and adjusting it until she's satisfied, her touch lingering longer than necessary. There's not a word said or breathed between either of you for a good while, the silence stretching, thick with unspoken tension, broken only by the soft rustle of fabric and the sound of your own shallow breaths.

As you slowly begin to don the dress however, something feels wrong. You notice the familiarity of the dress, the feel of it is all too ingrained in the back of your mind. It's one of your mothers favorite dresses, the one she wears in her tapestry. The scent of her perfume is on it, faint but unmistakable. It clings to the fabric, a ghost of her presence lingering in the air. It's almost like it had been reapplied routinely since her passing.

"A-are we in mother's room right now…?" you ask, despite being afraid to hear the answer.

Her hands stop in their tracks for a moment as you mention your mother, the sudden stillness amplifying the silence in the room. You can practically feel the stiffness and unease from her even though, even though you can't see her face or her expression. Theres a palpable shift in the atmosphere, as if a cold wind had swept through the room. Her hands, after a few seconds, continue adjusting the dress, trying to fit it as best she can, as if she were trying to distance herself from the emotional weight of your question.

She never does answer your question, her silence a clear indication that the subject is off-limits, a silent rebuke that hung heavy in the air. The scent of your mother's perfume, which had moments ago brought

a small comfort, now felt oppressive, tainted by Outis's presence. She's started doing your hair now, taking loose strands that she could find up in braids. All the while murmuring and whispering about her, her words barely audible, a low, hypnotic drone that buzzed in your ear.

Her fingers start going through your hair, starting to style it in a way you are too familiar with, a technique so ingrained in your memory that you could almost feel your mother's hands on your scalp again. It was the same way your mother would style her hair. You never thought someone could replicate the technique so perfectly, the intricate patterns, the precise tension, the gentle pull at your roots. But she does it, her fingers going through and pulling your hair, guiding it and twisting it into an almost perfect match of your mother's hairstyle, a meticulous recreation that felt less like hairstyling and more like a ritual. The silence thick with unspoken emotions, with the weight of the past. Only interrupted by her murmuring and whispering, her voice a low, almost reverent tone, as if she were reciting a prayer or whispering secrets to a ghost, as if she is almost… talking to your mother, her words directed not at you, but at the presence she had conjured in the room.

"Oh Mistress…" she murmurs, her voice filled with a strange mixture of awe and longing, as if she were finally reunited with a lost love. "… it's the very same. The color… the texture… I knew you would return." Her fingers tightened slightly in your hair, a possessive gesture that made you feel like an object, a stand-in for someone else. The scent of lavender, which had clung to the clothes is now surrounding the both of you, in every single breath. You felt a lump forming in your throat, a mixture of grief and fear.

"Mistess...?" you question the title, your voice hesitant, a fragile attempt to break through the unsettling silence.

She doesn't respond to you speaking up, as if she hadn't even heard you, as if you were nothing more than a ghost in her presence. She continues to work away at your hair, still fixing and styling it, keeping that eerie silence. For all you know, she's completely gone, lost in the memories of your mother, her mind transported to another time, another place, leaving you stranded in this unsettling present. She continues that same murmuring and whispering, her voice a low, it seemed to weave a spell around you, even starting to audibly sniff the perfume resonating from your hair, her breath warm and unsettling against your scalp.

Then you hear the unmistakable sound of your mother's phonograph

being turned on. As Outis slots in one of the records from the shelf, the whirring of the mechanism filling the silence before the music begins, a prelude to the oncoming symphony. The opera music sounding out around the room, filling the space with soaring vocals and dramatic orchestration, a sudden influx of sound that overwhelmed your senses and amplified the already tense atmosphere. The music, once a source of comfort and fond memories, now felt oppressive and invasive, another layer of control imposed upon you. You felt trapped in a scene from the past, forced to relive a memory that wasn't your own, a puppet in this performance.

"It's been a while since we last danced, hasn't it, Mistress?" The words, though spoken aloud, felt like a private thought, a whispered confession meant only for the absent presence of your mother. You feel it, one of her hands slowly gliding down to take your hand in hers, her touch is surprisingly gentle. Her gloved hands firm on yours, the cool leather stroking your skin. "Why, I remember it like it was yesterday, every detail etched in my memory, every note of the music, every movement of your body. So won't you indulge me again?" The question, though phrased as a request, held the weight of an expectation, a demand masked in polite phrasing.

The opera music swelled, the dramatic vocals filling the room, creating a suffocating atmosphere of forced nostalgia. You felt a cold dread creeping into your heart, a premonition of what was to come. You felt trapped, a prisoner in a macabre reenactment of a memory that wasn't even your own. The combination of the music, the perfume, the blindfold, and Outis's touch created a sensory overload that made you feel dizzy and disoriented, as if you were losing your grip on reality. You felt a desperate urge to pull your hand away, to break free from her grasp, but fear held you captive, frozen in place by the weight of her presence. You we're the Mistress, so maybe you should act your part.

"I... of course, Chief Butler…," you manage to say, your voice trembling slightly, the words feeling forced and unnatural, a hollow echo in the face of her unsettling behavior. Returning the grip on her hand, your fingers clenching tightly around hers, a desperate attempt to maintain some semblance of control, however futile, she pulls you closer, her movements surprisingly strong, drawing you into an embrace that felt strangely authentic. Her other hand on your waist, pressing firmly against your back, guiding your movements with an utmost precision, as she begins to ballroom dance with you, the music swirling around you.

"Please, you needn't be so formal, Mistress," she says, her voice softening slightly, a deceptive veneer of warmth replacing her usual. "Just call me Outis, as you always have. It would please me greatly." The dance began, a slow, deliberate waltz, Outis leading with an almost unsettling certainty, her movements precise and practiced, while you stumbled blindly, trying to follow her lead in the darkness. The warmth of her body pressed against yours, the scent of lavender and cinnamon. You felt like a puppet on strings, your movements dictated by Outis's will, your own agency completely stripped away. The music intesified, the dramatic vocals filling the room, amplifying the oppressive atmosphere and making you feel increasingly trapped in this bizarre and disturbing charade. You could feel the weight of Outis's gaze, even though you couldn't see her face. As if she were seeing through you, into the deepest recesses of your soul.

You two dance for a while, your past dancing lessons enough to keep you afloat despite your blindness, a strange, disorienting experience of being led through familiar steps in a world of darkness. This whole time she's been having a one-sided conversation with herself as if she's been talking to your mother, her words a low, murmuring stream of reminiscences and whispered confessions, a private conversation you were never meant to hear.

Seeing as she would be more than distracted, consumed by her own private world, you decide to try and lift the blindfold enough to see her face, a desperate attempt to understand the unsettling scene unfolding before you. When you do, you can see her, the world snapping into focus, albeit a blurry, distorted focus, she's... so happy, a sight so unexpected it takes your breath away. Grinning ear to ear for the first time you've ever seen in your life, her face transformed by a joy that seemed almost manic, almost unreal. It seems like maybe she was just lonely, a lonely woman clinging to the memory of a lost friend, a lost love. Perhaps she just— the thought trails off, a naive and ultimately incorrect assumption.

In your fascination of Outis's joy, a fleeting moment of misplaced empathy, you seem to have forgotten that you were in the middle of a dance. Tripping up, you send yourself sprawling onto the floor as the momentum snatches you from her arms, the sudden loss of contact sending a jolt of fear through you. She's suddenly snapped out of whatever pleasant dream she was having by this abrupt motion, the intrusion bringing her back to reality, like a cold splash of water, shattering the fragile illusion she had created.

Her expression immediately hardening, the joy vanishing as quickly as

it had appeared. The softness in her eyes replaced by a cold, steely glint, the warmth sapped away as if it had never existed. The mask of reverie replaced by a stern, almost hostile gaze, her features tightening in displeasure. The music continued to play, the cheerful melody now a jarring counterpoint to the sudden shift in atmosphere. You lay on the floor looking up at he, not daring to say anything. The brief glimpse of Outis's happiness now felt like a cruel trick, a fleeting illusion that had only served to make the reality of her coldness even more terrifying.

"You just can't do anything right, can you…?" she says, her voice low and laced with disappointment, a chillingly calm tone that was far more terrifying than any shouting. She grabs you firmly by the by the back of your neck, her grip like iron, bruising your skin. That strength the butlers were famous for, hoisting you up from the ground with an almost inhuman-like ease, as she suddenly pushes you forward, sending you stumbling towards the bed. You plant your hands down to slow yourself, bracing for impact, you find your hands enveloped in soft fabric, the familiar texture of your mother's bedspread sending a wave of grief through you.

Leaned forwards over your mother's bed, you feel her come up behind you, her presence looming over you. A hand cupped around your throat, her fingers tightening around your windpipe, cutting off your air supply. She's firm against your back, every single indent and curve of your figure met by one of her own. The sudden pressure made you gasp, a desperate attempt to draw in a breath before her grip tightened further.

You could feel the heat radiating from Outis's body behind you, her breath warm against the back of your neck. You were trapped, helpless, at her mercy, your vision now onlypartially obscured by the blindfold. Her other hand begins to slowly move lower, hiking up the side of your dress. "Maybe instead I should train you how I do the rest of the butlers." A chillingly suggestive tone that made your stomach churn. The words hung in the air, heavy with unspoken implications, painting a disturbing picture of the kind of "training" she had in mind.

End Notes

Woman in a suit grahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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